

PAGE ONE

1.

Sundown, somewhere in the mountains of Afghanistan. Miles from anywhere, no roads, no access for vehicles at all. Couple of mangy-looking dogs on an outcrop nearest. Further back we can just see two people sitting under an overhang, sleeping bags laid out, backpacks and weapons nearby.

2.

Close in. It's Frank and O'Brien, sitting on rocks eating food out of cans. No fire. Backpacks are heavily laden, left under the outcrop behind them. There's also a large object about the size and shape of a Stinger missile launcher, but it's wrapped in a tarpaulin so there's no way of I.D.ing it. Two Minimi SAW machine guns, like Frank had in Up is Down and Black is White.

The two wear desert camo fatigues and boots, flakvests, webbing and pouches, holstered pistols, knives and grenades. All equipment is U.S. military issue, so the pistols will be 9mm Berettas. There's also a shotgun strapped to the side of Frank's pack. They eat quietly, not looking at each other.

O'Brien: YOU COLD?

Frank: NO.

3.

Closer. Still not looking up from their food, calm and unhurried.

O'Brien: YOU LONELY?

Frank: NO.

4.

O'Brien only, examining her can to see what's left. Her face gives nothing away.

O'Brien: YOU WANT TO JUMP MY BONES ANYWAY?

5.

Frank only, still eating. Pretty much the same expression she has.

Frank: SURE.

PAGE TWO

1.

O'Brien grabs him and they start kissing passionately, already dropped the cans and forms. Frank's a bit cooler about it than she is, in no hurry. She's already pulling at the straps of his flakvest.

Caption: SEEM TO REMEMBER TELLING MYSELF THIS WASN'T GOING TO HAPPEN.

" BUT THAT WAS YESTERDAY.

Title: MAN OF STONE part three

And credits.

PAGE THREE

1.
Day. A shitty old Russian transport plane flies high above the Afghan mountains. No markings or insignia, bare metal.

Caption: NEW YORK TO PARIS TO DELHI TO KABUL.

" THE LAST LEG WAS ON SOME SHITHEAP ANTONOV HELD TOGETHER WITH BAND-AIDS AND GLUE. YOU GOT THAT FAR, YOU WEREN'T KIDDING.

2.
Inside it's equally crappy: crates lashed to the floor of the cargo bay, with rows of seats bolted to the sides. Few windows, some with tape over them. Couple of dozen civilians, mostly news crews or photographers- lots of cameras and gear, big cases stamped CNN or BBC etc. Most people seem quite nervous about the patches riveted to the fuselage, the crack in one of the windows. We can just see Frank further back, talking to the guy sat next to him.

Caption: AT THAT POINT IT WAS AFGHANISTAN OR BUST.

Guy: WRITER?

Frank: CONTRACTOR.

3.

Close in. The guy's a scruffy-looking reporter with beard and ponytail, about 45. Seems pretty serious. Frank listens quietly.

Guy: YOU'VE GOTTA BE THE ONLY ONE, MATE. EVERYONE AND THEIR DOG WANTS A LINE ON THIS ZAKHAROV STORY.

Frank: ZAKHAROV?

4.

The guy only, pissed off.

Guy: YEAH, THE MAN OF STONE. RUSSIAN GENERAL WAS HERE IN THE EIGHTIES. FUCKING MURDERING BASTARD.

" " I WROTE A BOOK ABOUT THE SOVIET OCCUPATION, AND I CAN TELL YOU: THEY OUGHT TO HAVE STRUNG THIS CUNT FROM THE RAFTERS FOR SOME OF THE THINGS HE DID...

5.

Frank faces front, cool. The guy glances at him.

Frank: NEVER HEARD OF HIM.

Guy: WELL, WE'VE PLENTY OF TIME: HOW D'YOU LIKE TO HEAR A HORROR STORY?

PAGE FOUR

1.

Day. Yorkie's landrover speeds across the desert, raising a cloud of dust as it goes.

From in: DOESN'T IT BOTHER YOU, LOOKING AFTER FUCKS LIKE THEM?

2.

Close in. Yorkie's driving. O'Brien sits beside him, bottle of water in hand.

Yorkie: EH?

O'Brien: THOSE TALIBAN PIECES OF SHIT.

3.

Yorkie shrugs. O'Brien gazes offshot, eyes narrowed. Not angry at him, just distant, tiny bit bitter about the situation.

Yorkie: DONE A FUCKSIGHT WORSE THAN THAT IN MY TIME.

O'Brien: IF YOU KNEW SOME OF THE THINGS THEY'VE-

Yorkie: NO THANKS.

4.

Yorkie only, facing front, cool.

Yorkie: MY ORDERS ARE TO PROTECT THESE BOYS; I CAN'T HAVE
ANYTHING GETTING IN THE WAY OF THAT. THE WAY I LOOK
AT IT, TOMORROW THE WIND COULD CHANGE AND I'LL BE
TOLD TO SLOT THEM ALL INSTEAD.

" " BUT YOU'RE NO BLUSHING VIRGIN, LOVE. YOU KNOW AS
WELL AS I DO HOW THE WORLD REALLY WORKS.

5.

O'Brien leans back in her seat, bitter little smile, faraway look.

O'Brien: UP IS DOWN...

" " AND BLACK IS WHITE.

PAGE FIVE

1.

Yorkie glances at her, puzzled. She shrugs.

Yorkie: COME AGAIN?

O'Brien: SOMETHING CASTLE SAID.

2.

Yorkie smiles a little, amused. She looks interested.

Yorkie: SOUNDS LIKE HIM, ALL RIGHT. THE CHEERFUL OLD FUCKER.

O'Brien: HOW WELL D'YOU KNOW HIM, ANYWAY?

3.

Yorkie only, thoughtful.

Yorkie: DEPENDS WHAT YOU MEAN. I KNOW THE THINGS EVERYONE
ELSE KNOWS, OBVIOUSLY.

" " BEYOND THAT, ALL I'D SAY IS THAT THERE'S NO ONE I'D
RATHER HAVE WATCHING MY BACK. NOT IF PUSH REALLY
CAME TO SHOVE, D'YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN?

4.

He glances at her, notices her looking thoughtfully offshot, miles away
for a minute.

O'Brien: MM.

5.

Yorkie faces front again, calm. She turns to look at him, interested.

Yorkie: I HONESTLY DON'T KNOW WHY I'M TELLING YOU THIS, YOU
BEING THE HARDCASE THAT YOU ARE. TO SAY NOTHING OF
THE FACT THAT TWENTY MINUTES AGO I WAS GETTING
READY TO SHOOT YOU.

" " BUT YOU DO KNOW FRANK'S NOT SOMEONE YOU WANT TO
THINK ABOUT THE FUTURE WITH, DON'T YOU?

6.

O'Brien only, eyes narrowed slightly in thought. Facing front again.

Off: HE'S NOT PLANNING ON GROWING OLD WITH ANYONE.

" " HE'S NOT THE TYPE TO SIT BY YOUR DEATHBED AND HOLD
YOU WHEN YOU GO.

PAGE SIX

1.

O'Brien turns to Yorkie, raises an eye, sceptical. He faces front,
smiles a little.

O'Brien: YOU THINK I CAME TO AFGHANISTAN LOOKING FOR LOVE,
IS THAT IT?

Yorkie: HEH.

" " I'LL JUST KEEP MY TRAP SHUT, THEN.

2.

Long shot. View past the landrover at the outskirts of Kabul, half a
mile ahead. They've stopped.

From in: WELL.

3.

O'Brien watches as Yorkie scribbles something in a little notebook.

Yorkie: THIS IS WHERE YOU OVERPOWER ME AND STEAL MY MOTOR,
AND I WALK HOME AND WIN THE ARSEHOLE OF THE YEAR
AWARD.

O'Brien: YOU WANT ME TO HIT YOU OVER THE HEAD?

Yorkie: HA HA FUCKING HA.

4.

Closer. Yorkie passes her a folded pieces of paper torn from the
notebook, gives her a
meaningful look.

Yorkie: HE WANTS YOU TO FILL HIM IN ON THE RAWLINS ANGLE.
TIME AND LOCATION HERE.

" " THE REST OF THE NOTE'S FOR HIM, ALL RIGHT?

5.

Pull back. Yorkie's gotten out, O'Brien slides behind the wheel.

O'Brien: PLEASURE DOING BUSINESS...

Yorkie: BE SURE AND TELL HIM I CALLED HIM A CUNT.

PAGES SEVEN AND EIGHT

1.

Good big shot across the spread of two Russian helicopters parked in a hangar, with about two dozen guys working on them: loading guns and missiles, refuelling, tuning engines, loading equipment. All are tough looking guys in civilian clothes, a couple with AKSUs slung over their shoulders. Lots of weapons and gear around the place. Dolnovich, Zakharov and a pilot stroll past nearest. Note that neither chopper carries any markings. One is a giant Mil-10 transport, the other is a deadly-looking Hind model D gunship.

Pilot: THIS IS ALL FOR ONE MAN, GENERAL...?

Zakharov: ONE MAN, MAJOR.

" ' LET US HOPE IT PROVES SUFFICIENT TO THE TASK.

2.

Close in. Zakharov is cool. The pilot smiles a little. Older guy, about 45.

Zakharov: YOU ARE CERTAIN YOU WERE NOT DETECTED?

Lieutenant: CAME IN THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS, SIR, JUST LIKE OLD TIMES.

" " NOT AN AMERICAN UNIT IN SIGHT.

3.

They stop by a large object under a tarpaulin, maybe twenty feet long. It's nearest, kind of dark and ominous-looking. Dolnovich turns to look offshot.

Zakharov; AND THE MIL? IT CAN HANDLE ORDINANCE OF THIS KIND?

Pilot: EASILY, SIR. ONCE WE ARE ARMED AND REFUELLED, I'LL HAVE MY MEN BEGIN FITTING THE CLAMPS AND SO ON.

Dolnovich: SPEAKING OF AMERICANS, GENERAL...

4.

View past them. Rawlins waves from next to the Hind, smiles a sleazy smile.

Zakharov; MM.

" " FINISH ARMING THE AIRCRAFT. INFORM ME AS SOON AS

YOU'RE DONE.

PAGE NINE

1.
Rawlins smiles disarmingly at Zakharov, who isn't remotely impressed. Just the two of them now.

Rawlins: HEY, LOOKS LIKE YOU GOT QUITE A-

Zakharov; WHAT DO YOU WANT, RAWLINS?

2.
Rawlins cuts the shit, still smiling, more genuine now. Knows not to waste time.

Rawlins: OKAY, GENERAL.

" " HERE IT IS.

3.
Zakharov watches Rawlins carefully. Not smiling now.

Rawlins: I SPENT WENTY-TWO YEARS AS A FIELD AGENT FOR THE COMPANY, SETTING UP JOBS YOU CAN'T BEGIN TO IMAGINE. I'M GODDAMN GOOD AT IT. I'VE STARTED WARS, STOPPED 'EM, TURNED PRESIDENTS INTO PRISONERS-MY OL' DADDY SAID I COULD SWEET-TALK THE CAMEL OUT FROM UNDER A SAND-NIGGER, AN' THAT WAS WHEN I WAS IN JUNIOR HIGH.

" " NOW I'M BETTIN' YOU HAD ME CHECKED OUT WHEN I FIRST SHOWED UP: YOU HEAR ANYTHIN' GIVES YOU REASON TO DOUBT ME SO FAR?

4.
Zakharov is cool. Rawlins smiles at him, very knowing.

Zakharov: NOTHING AT ALL. YOUR MOST IMPRESSIVE FEAT WAS SENDING AN ARAB TERRORIST UNIT TO CRASH AN AIRLINER INTO MOSCOW.

Rawlins: C'MON, GENERAL, YOU KNOW THAT WAS NOTHIN' PERSONAL! WE'RE BOTH BIG BOYS, WE KNOW THE SHIT THAT MAKES THE WORLD GO ROUND!

5.
Zakharov looks away, impatient. Rawlins stops smiling again, makes his move.

Zakharov; GET TO THE POINT.

Rawlins: GIVE ME A JOB.

PAGE TEN

1.
Rawlins spreads his arms, his version of being open and honest. Zakharov has turned to look at him, eyes narrowed slightly.

Rawlins: I'M SERIOUS, GENERAL. I'M STANDING' RIGHT HERE FOR THE TAKIN', WITH A LIFETIME OF BLACK OPS EXPERIENCE UNDER MY BELT.

" " I MEAN YOU THINK ABOUT IT, HOW OFTEN IN A LIFETIME DOES A OFFER LIKE THIS COME ALONG?

2.

Zakharov is cool. Rawlins raises an eye, sceptical.

Zakharov: I AM A RUSSIAN OFFICER, NOT SOME GANGSTER KING.

Rawlins: YEAH? WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME YOU REPORTED BACK TO MOSCOW?

3.

Zakharov turns a warning glance on him, grim. Rawlins holds his hands up for calm.

Rawlins: ALL I'M SAYIN' IS EVERYONE HAS TIMES WHEN THEY GOTTA OPERATE OFF THE BOOKS. AN' THAT'S MY GODDAMN SPECIALTY, RIGHT THERE.

4.

Rawlins only, eyes narrowed, very serious.

Rawlins: COLUMBIA. IRAQ. IRAN. CHINA. YOUR OWN BELOVED MOTHERLAND, TO SAY NOTHIN' OF THE U.S. OF A.

" " F.A.R.C., THE MUJAHS, THE P.L.O., THE I.R.A., EVERY ONE OF THE BIG CARTELS—I BEEN TO 'EM ALL AN' I DONE BUSINESS WITH 'EM ALL. AN' THAT'S JUST THE TIP OF THE ICEBERG.

" " HERE I FUCKIN' AM, GENERAL. USE ME.

5.

View past Dolnovich as he turns from running down a checklist with the pilot, sees Zakharov and Rawlins conferring.

6.

Dolnovich only, glaring coldly offshot. Doesn't like this.

PAGE ELEVEN

1.

Back to the Frank on the plane, listening quietly as the journo tells his story.

Journo: THERE USED TO BE THESE SEVEN LITTLE VILLAGES, UP IN THE MOUNTAINS NORTH OF KANDAHAR.

2.

The guy only, bit grim, very serious.

Journo: MUJAHADEEN, OF COURSE. THE FIGHTERS RESTED THERE

BETWEEN ATTACKS ON THE SOVIETS. THEN THEY'D LEAVE
THE WOMEN AND KIDS AND GO BACK DOWN TO THE PLAINS.

" " THEY WERE DOING A LOT OF DAMAGE, INTERDICTING
RUSSIAN SUPPLY LINES, MELTING AWAY INTO THE
MOUNTAINS AFTERWARDS. YOU CAN HEAR HELICOPTERS
TWENTY MILES AWAY UP THERE, SO THEY ALWAYS HAD
PLENTY OF TIME TO CLEAR OUT.

3.
Flashback. High in the mountains of Afghanistan a small band of
Mujahadeen crouch in the rocks at the edge of a gorge and watch three
Russian transport helicopters far below, landing outside a little
village on a broad plateau.

Caption: "BUT THAT SUITED ZAKHAROV DOWN TO THE GROUND."

4.
Zakharov stands behind the pilots in one of the transports, gazing
coldly past us. Twenty years younger but really no different. A tough
looking Russian Commando officer stands next to him.

Zakharov: TWENTY MINUTES, COMRADE CAPTAIN.

Officer: SIR!

PAGE TWELVE

1.
The journo, bitter.

Journo: THEY ROUNDED UP EVERYONE IN THE PLACE, A HUNDRED
AND SEVEN WOMEN, CHILDREN AND OLD MEN. THEY KNEW
THE FIGHTERS WERE WATCHING.

" " THEY WANTED THEM TO.

2.
Russian commandos are herding the villagers- women, kids, elderly- out
of the buildings to the edge of town, where they're forced together in
a large crowd. Commandos stand guard around them with AKs, making sure
no one escapes.

3.
View past a couple of the watching Mujahs. Far below the villagers have
been formed into a loose column, four or five people wide, and are
being herded towards the edge of the plateau.

4.
A few of the Mujahs peering down at us. Some were bewildered, can't
figure it out. Others are starting to look horrified, realising what's
about to happen. They're armed with various models of AK and even a
couple of ancient British Lee Enfield rifles.

PAGE THIRTEEN

1.

Their p.o.v.- the Russians march the column right off the edge of the cliff, the first couple of lines of people starting to tumble into space. From this far up we can't see their terrified faces, just the Russians forcing them over the edge.

2.

The journo telling Frank the story.

Journo: ANYONE WHO RESISTED OR RAN GOT SHOT. THE REST WERE
MARCHED OVER THE EDGE, EVERY SINGLE ONE OF THEM.

“ THE MUJAHDS COULDN'T OPEN UP FOR FEAR OF HITTING THEIR OWN PEOPLE. I MET ONE OF THE CHOPPER PILOTS WHEN I WAS RESEARCHING MY BOOK; HE TOLD ME THE WHOLE THING IN DETAIL.

3.

About two thirds of the villagers are gone now. One horrified woman turns to scream at Zakharov, who stands watching a few yards away. She's holding an infant child. Further back the soldiers keep herding the people over the cliff, kicking them, hitting them with rifle butts.

Woman: SIR! TAKE BABY! PLEASE!

4.

Close. She screams at us, terrified, holding out the baby- who's screaming too- as a commando angrily drags her towards the edge.

Woman: TAKE BABY! KILL WOMAN, TAKE BABY! PLEASE SIR,
PLEASE! TAKE BABY!!

5.

Zakharov only, cool.

By the way, he'd be wearing combat fatigues rather than his official uniform, holstered pistol, no hat.

Zakharov; WAIT.

PAGE FOURTEEN

1.

To the woman's utter amazement, Zakharov calmly takes the screaming baby from her.

2.

The woman walks towards us, still weeping, but simply terribly sad now. The soldiers stand back to let her pass, grim, Zakharov stands further back with the yelling kid, watching coolly.

Caption: "THE PILOT I SPOKE TO SAID HE STILL SAW THAT WOMAN IN HIS NIGHTMARES. HE GOT HOOKED ON SMACK DURING HIS TOUR OF DUTY, DIED JUST A YEAR OR TWO AGO."

“ “BUT ANYWAY, THAT WAS WHEN ZAKHAROV DID IT.”

3.

The Mujahs' p.o.v. again. The woman is gone. The lone figure of Zakharov walks towards the edge of the cliff.

4.

Zakharov stands on the cliff edge, holding the howling baby out at arms' length, both hands. Face like stone, cold and grim.

5.

The Mujahs watching, gaping in utter horror. A few are already in tears, but now they freeze in shock.

PAGE FIFTEEN

1.

View past Zakharov as he hurls the baby as far out into space as he can. We don't see his face.

2.

The Mujahs go crazy with rage, even the ones who've been crying, and open fire with everything they've got. One guy even launches a rocket from an RPG-7.

Caption: "THAT WAS THE DAY HE GOT HIS NICKNAME."

3.

Zakharov stands his ground, gazing insolently up towards the mountains above. Bullets bounce around the rocks at his feet, his commandos scatter for cover, one of the choppers takes a direct hit from an RPG rocket. But Zakharov doesn't move. He's nearest.

Caption: "MAN OF STONE."

4.

The journo seethes with disgust as he tells the story.

Journo: HE STOOD THERE WHILE THE BULLETS BOUNCED OFF THE
ROCKS AT HIS FEET AND HIS MARINES SCATTERED, AND THE
R.P.G. ROUNDS STARTED THUMPING IN ALL AROUND THEM.
HE STOOD HIS GROUND.

5.

Zakharov looks coldly up past us as bullets whizz past his head.

Caption: "THE ARROGANT, INHUMAN LUMP OF DOGSHIT."

PAGE SIXTEEN

1.

The Mujahs are still blazing away offshot, but one points in alarm and yells at the others. Further back two Hind gunships come racing around the nearest mountain, headed right for them.

Caption: "OF COURSE, BY BREAKING COVER, THEY'D DONE EXACTLY
WHAT THEY WERE SUPPOSED TO DO."

2.

View up past Zakharov, watching with one foot up on a rock, as the Hinds pour rockets and cannon fire into the heights above. Rocks and bodies are blasted into the air- none of it will fall anywhere near Zakharov.

Caption: "AFTER THAT, HE PULLED THE SAME TRICK ON THE OTHER SIX VILLAGES.

" " "SEVEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY INNOCENT PEOPLE."

3.

The bodies of the villagers splattered on the rocks at the bottom of the cliff, corpses on top of corpses, dark red blood drying on them and the ground around them.

Caption: "LATER, HE SAID HE DID IT FOR AFGHANISTAN. BECAUSE THE SOONER THE PEOPLE UNDERSTOOD THAT THEIR COUNTRY WAS IRREVOCABLY SOVIET TERRITORY, THAT RESISTANCE WOULD BE CRUSHED AND NO QUARTER GIVEN, THE SOONER THEY'D BE ABLE TO LIVE THEIR LIVES IN PEACE.

" " "YOU KNOW WHAT? I BELIEVE HIM."

4.

The journo finishes his story, gazing into space with bitter disgust. Frank listens, cool, considering carefully.

Journo: I'M GONNA FIND HIM. I'LL FILM HIM, I'LL GATHER EVIDENCE, I'LL DO WHATEVER IT TAKES TO HAVE HIM INDICTED AS A WAR CRIMINAL.

" " THEN AT LEAST THERE'LL BE ONE LESS MONSTER IN THE WORLD.

PAGE SEVENTEEN

1.

Zakharov today, cool.

Zakharov; NO.

2.

Rawlins stares at him, frowning. Zakharov evenly meets his gaze.

Rawlins: WHY THE HELL NOT, FOR CHRIST'S SAKE?

Zakharov; BECAUSE I AM A SOLDIER, AND YOU ARE SOMETHING ELSE.

3.

Zakharov only, cool, hint of disdain.

Off: EVENTUALLY YOU WOULD BETRAY ME. IT IS IN YOUR
NATURE, RAWLINS, ACHILD COULD TELL YOU THAT.

“ “ YOU WOULD BETRAY ME AND I WOULD KILL YOU: WHY
SHOULD I CREATE SO MUCH WORK AND TROUBLE FOR
MYSELF?

4.
Rawlins only, little bit thrown. Wasn't expecting this.

Off; IF YOU ARE VERY LUCKY, AND IF CASTLE IS TAKEN ALIVE
WITHOUT UNDUE COMPLICATION, I WILL ALLOW YOU TO
LEAVE HERE WITH YOUR LIFE.

“ “ NOW GO.

5.
Rawlins walks towards us, bit lost. Not sure what to do at all,
thinking hard but coming up with nothing. Zakharov is further back, not
even bothering to look at him.

6.
View past Rawlins as he stops. Dolnovich leans against the Hind a few
yards away, arms folded casually, watching Rawlins intently. Not angry
anymore, just letting Rawlins know he's being watched.

PAGE EIGHTEEN

1.
The journalist Frank was talking to watches Frank walk coolly towards
us, bag over his shoulder. The guy seems puzzled, not sure what to make
of him. They're in Kabul airport, which is completely chaotic.

Caption: BEFORE I LEFT HIM AT THE AIRPORT, I GAVE THE GUY SOME
FREE ADVICE. TOLD HIM TO GET BACK ON THE 'PLANE,
LEAVE ZAKHAROV TO SOMEONE WHO COULD DO THE JOB.

“ “ BUT I COULD TELL HE DIDN'T GET IT.

2.
View past a couple of big guys as they follow Frank towards a line of
taxis.

Caption: PICKED UP A TAIL, TOO.

“ “ LOSING THEM WAS NO BIG DEAL.

3.
Long shot as he leaves the taxi, walks into a huge hotel with KABUL
HILTON on a sign above the door.

4.
O'Brien sits at the hotel bar, wearing civvies now. Cleaned up pretty
good. She can't see Frank walking towards her across the bar further

back, but she smiles a dark little smile to herself as she runs a finger around the top of her glass of bourbon. Not looking up.

5.
Frank sits down on the next stool, cool. She stops smiling and sips her drink. They don't look at each other.

O'Brien: SO I GUESS WE'RE QUIT.

" " I GUESS WE ARE.

PAGE NINETEEN

1.
Yorkie in the doorway of the tent where his four SAS guys are waiting. They're sitting reading newspapers or paperbacks, or just drinking tea. No one looks up, all relaxed. Yorkie has a large bandage over his head, looks a bit silly.

2.
He strides through the tent, pissed off, not looking at them. They don't look at him, but a couple of them smile at each other.

3.
Alone in his little office area, separated from the rest of the tent by a flap door, Yorkie is standing at his desk. He frowns, puzzled about something.

4.
Still frowning, he reaches behind himself with both hands, struggling to reach something on the back of his shirt.

5.
Close up on the thing in his hand: a piece of paper with tape at the sides where it was stuck to his back. Just says WANKER

6.
In the main part of the tent the four guys look up and smile darkly, know they got him. Flap door to one side. No sign of Yorkie.

Door: YOU CUNTS.

7.
Yorkie, miserable, eyes closed. Enormously tired.

Yorkie: HHHH.

" " THOSE TWO BLOODY DESERVE EACH OTHER.

PAGE TWENTY

1.
Frank and O'Brien, both wearing camo fatigues now, inside some kind of underground bunker. The place is an arsenal: M-16s, M-60s, SAWs and shotguns lines in the walls. Many boxes of ammunition. Flakvests,

Claymores and Berettas on the table. Frank is loading grenades into a backpack, she's standing further back, hands on hips as she looks over the racked weapons- none of which have magazines clipped on.

Caption: SPARING O'BRIEN WAS ONLY HALF OF YORKIE'S FAVOR. THE
OTHER PART WAS THE KEY-CODE TO THE U.S. ARMY'S
MUNITIONS DEPOT OUTSIDE KABUL.

" " SECURITY WAS THE JOKE WE BOTH EXPECTED IT TO BE.

2.

Frank fastens the straps to close his backpack. She looks round from the guns.

Frank: QUITS MEANS YOU DON'T HAVE TO DO THIS.

O'Brien: IF RAWLINS IS WITH ZAKHAROV, I'M DOING THIS.

" " WHAT D'YOU THINK, SAWS?

3.

She lifts two of the SAWs down from the rack. Further back Frank turns to look at something we can't see.

Frank: WE'LL WANT MAXIMUM POSSIBLE FIREPOWER FOR WEIGHT.

" " TAKE ONE OF THOSE ALONG, TOO. JUST IN CASE.

4.

Rear view as the landrover speeds out of the city, headed for the desert plains.

PAGE TWENTY-ONE

1.

Frank drives, facing front, cool. She relaxes next to him, lost in thought.

2.

Closer. She glances at him, smiles the dark little smile again. Nothing malicious, just amused. Enjoying herself. He doesn't seem to notice, nearer us.

3.

She leans back, starts singing, very relaxed. Frank glances at her, puzzled.

O'Brien(sing): I ONCE WAS PURE AS THE LILLY,
AND NOBODY CALLED ME A COW-

" " MY CUNT WAS SWEET AS A ROSEBUD...

4.

O'Brien only, smiling as he finishes.

O'Brien(sing): LOOK AT THE FUCKING THING NOW!

5.
Frank only, facing front, little grim.

Frank: THAT IT?

Off: NINE MORE VERSES.

Frank: GREAT.

PAGE TWENTY-TWO

1.
Later, they've parked the landrover in the foothills of the mountains and are putting on their packs. The terrain ahead is impossible for vehicles.

Caption: WE DIDN'T WANT TO FIGHT IT OUT IN KABUL. TOO MANY
 CIVVIES, TO SAY NOTHING OF ALERTING AMERICAN
 FORCES.

2.
They start walking up the slope. Packs on, each carrying a SAW. The Stinger- unidentifiable under the tarp- is tied to Frank's pack.

Caption: SO WE CAME UP WITH SOMETHING A LITTLE BIT DIFFERENT.

3.
Rear view as they climb higher.

O'Brien: ABOUT TWENTY KLICKS, RIGHT?

Frank: WE'LL TRY AND DO FIVE BEFORE SUNDOWN. THEN WE
 SHOULD THINK ABOUT MAKING CAMP.

4.
Same angle. Further away now.

O'Brien: CAMP, YEAH. YOU GOT IT.

5.
And further.

O'Brien: COULD GET KIND OF COLD AND LONELY UP HERE AT NIGHT.

TO BE CONTINUED